Dut. Thou tode, thou, tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounde.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamour report of warre,
Thus will *I* drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, *I* thank God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame *I* haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. *I* will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for *I* am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came *I* not at laſt to comfort you you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfaſt onceforth of companie:
If be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for *I* ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or *I* with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee
Then all the compleat armor that th
My praiers on the aduerſe partie figl
And there the litle ſoules of Edwar
Whiſper the ſpirit of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and vic
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. Stay Madame, *I* muſt ſpea
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of th
For thee to murther, for my daught
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not
And therefore leuell not to hit their
King. You haue a daughter cald
Vertuous and faire, royall and grat
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this?
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtain
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwar
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleed
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edward
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe
Q. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe i
King. Her life is only ſafeſt in he
Qu. And only in that ſafetie die
Kin. Lo at their births good ſtars w
Qu. No to their liues bad friend
King. All vnauoyded is the doo
Qu. True, when auoyded grace
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dang
As *I* intend more good to you and
Then euer you or yours were by m
Qu. What good is couerd with
To be diſcouerd that can do me go
King. The aduancement of your

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